A Funeral

ELEGY

UPON THE

DEATH

OF THE

QUEEN.

Addreſt to the

MARQUESS

OF

NORMANBY.

By Mr. WALSH.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judge's Head*, near the *Inner Temple-gate*, in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1695.

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UPON

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Addreſt to the

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WHile weeping *Albion* does its loſs bewail,
And ſolemn Grief throughout theſe Realms pre-(vail;
You! Sacred Writers of the *Muſes* Tribe,
In laſting Numbers muſt the Pomp deſcribe:
Each ſhould be ready at the doleful Call,
And All lament a Loſs that touches All.
Let no vain Fear detern an opening *Muſe*;
Nor Modeſty their want of Zeal excuſe:
When Sorrow is become the Publick Teſt;
'Tis he who grieves the moſt, that writes the beſt.

See! See! The melancholy Scene appears!
And ſee a Nation overflow'd with Tears!
See how their Looks unfeign'd Affliction ſhow!
And all their Diſcords melted into Woe!

None

None can the Loſs another bears, bemona;
Each will have Tears too few to mourn his own.
The Poor their Aid; the Church its firm Support;
Its Pride the Nation; its Delight the Court;
Her Foes (if any Foes to her cou'd live)
An injur'd Princeſs ready to forgive;
Her Sex a Pattern of a Spotleſs Life;
The King a Friend, a Partner, and a Wife.

Now clear the way! let the ſad Pageant move!
And give the Nation leave t' expreſs their Love!
The Great and Mighty too muſt take their Turn;
Nor ſhou'd the meaneſt be forbid to Mourn.
While ſuch a diſmal Cauſe for Grief appears,
'Twere barb'rous to reſtrain a Man from Tears.
Her Soul ſo many Vertues did engroſs,
That every State has ſome peculiar Loſs.

Firſt, Let the Poor her Charity declare,
With unaffected Tears, and grateful Pray'r:
Oh Heaven! (they cry) the Queen! the Queen is dead!
Her Grandeur fall'n, and all Her Glories fled!
Oh ye inexorable Pow'ers! When you,
Doom'd Her ſad Fate, you ſhou'd have doom'd ours too.
Or was it doom'd? Tho' Death you yet deferr,
We loſt our only Means of Life in Her.
Now She is gone, who ſhall our Wants ſupply?
Attend our Miſeries? Or hear our Cry?
Who, when they're Happy, mind their Neighbours Ill?
Or, free from Want, reflect what others feel?
In Her that Pious Care appear'd alone;
She made the People's Miſeries Her own;
In midſt of Glory ſigh'd for unfelt Woe;
Nor cou'd be bleſt, while others were not ſo;

Heaven,

Heaven, that Her Vertues to the Throne preferrs,
Seem'd more to mind our Safety, ſure, than Hers;
Plac'd like the Sun in ſo ſublime a Sphere;
That She more freely might relieve us here.

Next, Let the Church its ſolemn Grief reveal,
And mourn Her Piety, and Chriſtian Zeal;
Not Zeal like theirs that ſets the World in Flames;
Where that and Barb'rous Rage by diff'rent Names
Expreſs the ſelf-ſame thing; She better knew
What milder Paths Religion ſhou'd perſue;
All Pride, and Rancour from Her Breaſt removes;
By Piety alone Her Faith She proves;
That Sacred Maxime rightly underſtood;
They beſt believe, that do the greateſt Good;
For, whatſoe'er peculiar Sects have thought;
This was the Doctrine that our Saviour taught.

Tho' diff'rent Cares Her Princely Breaſt might ſhare,
Yet ſtill the Church was Her peculiar Care,
Nor Partial yet; but knowing that the beſt,
And eaſieſt Method to reform the reſt:
For who on Preachers Doctrines can rely,
When all their Actions, give their Words the Lye?
To this our late Corruptions owe their Riſe:
The Land was plung'd into a Sea of Vice;
Men by Prophaneneſs to Preferment haſte,
And Women thought it Scandal to be Chaſte;
Under a Load of Crimes the Nations groan;
The Queen with Pious Thoughts aſcends the Throne;
Reſolves judiciouſly t' oppoſe its Force:
Firſt, by Example She reſtrains the Courſe;
Vertue's no longer made the Vulgar Sport,
Nor Leudneſs paſſes for a Jeſt at Court.

Preferments wait th' Induſtrious and the Juſt,
And Publick Spirits ſhare the Publick Truſt:
Prelates, tho' made ſtill by the Sovereign Choice,
Seem recommended by the People's Voice;
She too, whoſe Royal Hand had place'd 'em there,
Taught 'em to move, and to adorn their Sphere.
Religious Lives ſucceſsfully they Teach,
By giving Patterns of the Lives they Preach;
This ſeen by all; by all muſt be confeſt.
'Tis true, She liv'd not to mature the reſt;
Thoſe Glorious Scenes that were for Peace deſign'd;
Thoſe Seeds of Wonders brooding in Her Mind;
Yet had we been as Worthy to receive
Thoſe Gracious Favours, as the Queen to give;
Heaven, without doubt, had ſpar'd Her precious Blood;
Her Schemes had taken, and Her Platforms ſtood;
Taught by our Loſs, let us the Cauſe reverſe,
And mend the Manners that produc'd the Curſe;
One * of the Nobleſt of the Sacred Race,
Juſt ſtep'd before Her, to prepare the Place:
The Church muſt bear a double ſhare of Woe;
An Elder Brother firſt, a Mother now.

* *Archbiſhop* Tillotſon.

But ſee that Lovely Melancholly Train,
That droop like Lillies over-charg'd with Rain!
The Ladies, now diveſted of their Pride,
Each Ornament of Beauty laid aſide;
No more in vain Diſputes their Time miſpend,
But only for their Share of Grief contend.
Taught, at too dear a Price, that Fatal Truth,
Vain is the Boaſt of Beauty, Wit, and Youth.

If Sorrow has each Vulgar Soul ſubdu'd,
To mourn the Charms they but at diſtance view'd;

How

How dreadful muſt (they cry) the Loſs appear
To thoſe who view'd her ſhining Vertues near?
By them th' external Cabinet was ſeen,
By us the Brightneſs of the Gems within:
Who in Her Preſence with Regret cou'd ſtay?
Or from Her Court go unoblig'd away?
A thouſand tender Things we may recall,
A thouſand Favours She has heap'd on all;
Her Soul ſo Great, and yet ſo far from Proud;
So Soft, ſo Eaſie, Affable, and Good;
A Stranger ſcarce had gueſt Her to be Queen;
But by Her Prudence, and Her Princely Mien;
Her Motions all ſo Winningly did tend,
And every Word She ſpoke, She gain'd a Friend;
Yet no peculiar Preference expreſt,
Not kind to one, to diſoblige the reſt;
Mirth never made Her ſay a thing unfit;
Vertue Her Will; and Prudence rul'd Her Wit;
If any were diſpleas'd to ſee Her Great,
They ſold their Eyes, and Ears, to keep their Hate;
Let 'em but ſee, and hate Her if they cou'd;
Let 'em but hear, what all the World allow'd.
What Comforts can ſo juſt a Grief aſſwage,
Snatch'd in the Pride, and Luſtre of Her Age!
Nip'd like a Flow'r by ſome untimely Froſt,
The Crown, the Glory of our Sex is loſt.
Oh *Kenſington*, that once wert our Delight;
A ſad Remembrance, and a mournful Sight!
The Thoughts of thee make all our Eyes o'erflow,
And Pleaſures paſt, encreaſe our preſent Woe;
The Men in this an eaſier Fortune ſhare,
Buſineſs and Action may divert their Care;
While wretched Women harder Fate muſt find,
And know no Balſom for a wounded Mind.

Now ſee the ſad Aſſemblies of the State!
Struck with the News of Her ſo ſudden Fate;
All in a Body joyn'd, That Loſs deplore,
Which each Particular had done before:
Firſt let the Lords their early Sorrow ſhow;
The Commons repreſent the Nations Woe;
In Grief united, and lamenting all,
The Beſt of Women's moſt untimely Fall.
Oh, if they cou'd in real Truth diſcloſe
The Nations Sorrow, and the Nations Loſs;
Barbarians ſure wou'd lend a pitying Eye,
Nor *France* it ſelf ſome Pious Tears deny.
Peculiar Vertues touch peculiar Men;
But all muſt praiſe the Vertues of Her Reign;
When e'er our Martial Monarch went to War,
Her Princely Breaſt ſuſtain'd the Publick Care;
And, while abroad He did our Foes o'ercome,
We felt the Bleſſings of Her Reign at home.

Here ſtop, my *Muſe*, here cloſe the Mournful Sight,
Or dar'ſt thou undertake a nobler Flight?
Behold the King, behold that Load of Woe;
See how unfeign'd a Grief adorns his Brow!
The Nations Glory, and the Publick Care,
The Fate of *Europe*, and the Thoughts of War,
For the firſt time are baniſh'd from His Breaſt,
By Grief, by Horror, by Deſpair poſſeſt.
Who this ſad Scene can unconcern'd perceive?
Who grieve not now, may they for ever grieve!
By Heav'n, 'twere vile our Gravity to keep,
When Monarchs mourn their Loſs, and Heroes weep.

Who can advise in such a Case as this?
Or offer Comfort to a Grief like His?
They call 'em Kings, they gawdy Names bestow,
And flatter 'em with being Gods below;
But, when Diseases all their Hopes devour,
How vain's their Grandeur, and how weak's their Power!
Who was so blest as He, till one sad Day
Snatch'd all the Comforts of His Life away?
What Scene of Humane Life can seem secure?
What Mortal e'er can think his Glories sure?
When one dire Blow of unexpected Fate,
Changes the Happiest to the wretchedst State?
He, who so boldly did in Fields advance
The Hopes of *Europe*, and the Fears of *France*;
Arm'd against all but this impending Blow,
Now sinks beneath that wondrous Weight of Woe;
Neglects himself and us, abhors Relief,
And with too tender Thoughts indulges Grief.

Here (he reflects) the Queen and I have sate;
And in calm Terms debated *Europe*'s Fate:
When restless Cares have hurried Me away,
There wou'd She sit, and pass the lingring Day!
Not in Luxurious Follies of the Court;
Reading, or Work, Her idlest Hours divert.
When Publick Safety made Me leave the Land;
The Nation flourish'd under Her Command.
Whatever Fortune we receiv'd in War,
With equal Temper was receiv'd by Her.
Vict'ry ne'er made Her vain, nor Losses sad:
She doubled good Success, and lessen'd bad.
To please, was, sure, th' Employment of Her Life:
The humblest Princess; and the tendrest Wife.

With how much Sorrow wou'd She ſee Me part?
Yet ne'er attempt the Journey to divert;
So much Her Love was rul'd by what was fit,
So much to Reaſon wou'd Her Will ſubmit.
Can I forget Her haſte, but t'other Day?
With what Concern She met Me on the Way?
Auſpicious Smiles upon Her Cheeks ariſe,
And Tears of Gladneſs ſtarted from Her Eyes!
When with ſuch Triumph She receiv'd Me there,
Who cou'd have thought Her End had been ſo near?
Here break my Heart! And here my Eyes run o'er!
Think what She was! And think She's now no more!

Ariſe Heroick Prince! At laſt ariſe!
See at Your Feet the ſad *Britannia* lies!
With voluntary Vows Your Reign ſecures,
And begs You not neglect Her Fate, in Yours:
Lamenting *Europe* does Your Steps perſue,
And different Intereſts centre all in You:
Shake this Lethargick Sorrow off, and ſee,
By the Queens Loſs, how great your own wou'd be.
Who ſhou'd ſuſtain the Weight of publick Care?
Or who protect us from the Rage of War?
Invading *France* ſtands ready to deſtroy;
And at our Sorrow ſhows an Impious Joy.
Exert Your ſelf, Great Sir, and make her know,
What 'tis t' enrage a Land oppreſt with Woe;
Confine her Monarch to his Native Bounds,
And write Your Sorrows in his Subjects Wounds.

Here, *NORMANBY*, receive, while *Senates* mourn,
The Doleful Ecchoes that the Groves return!

Canſt

Canſt thou refuſe to take thy Pen once more;
And ſing * Death's Altar ſtain'd with nobler Gore?
Or, if the Toils of State thy Thoughts engroſs,
Excite ſome others to lament the Loſs:
Too long the *Muſes* Sons have been contemn'd,
And to a vile ignoble Toil condemn'd;
Vice was with proſtituted Praiſe adorn'd;
And Tyrants flatter'd, whom their Subjects ſcorn'd;
Let 'em for ſhame ſome nobler Works diſpence,
And in one Poem write a Nations Senſe.
If while ſuch meaner Tasks they did rehearſe,
Thoſe that deſpis'd their Heroes, prais'd their Verſe?
How can he fail of his deſir'd ſucceſs,
Who takes a Subject that it ſelf can pleaſe?
Who in ſoft Verſe our real Woes reveals;
And writes a Grief, that every Reader feels?

* *Alluding to the Temple of Death: A Poem, written by the Marqueſs of* Normanby.

THE END.